Subscription Price, \$2.

MORRISTOWN, . TENNESSEE

THE TRON PEN. Made from a letter of Bonnivard, the Prisoner of Chillon; the haudie of wood, from the frigate Constitution and bound with a circlet of gold, uset with three precious stones from Siberia

I thought this pen would arise From the casket where it lies— Of itself would arise, and write My thanks and my surprise.

When you gave it me under the pines, I dream: a these gents from the mines Of Siberia, Coylon and Maine

Would glimmer as thoughts in the lines; that this iron link from the chain of the prisoner and his pain;

That this wood from the frigate's mast Might write me a rhyme at last, as it used to write on the sky The song of the sea and the blast,

But motionless as I wait. ake a Esshop lying in state, Lies the pen, with its miter of gold, And its jewels inviolate. Then must I speak, and say That the light of that summer day
In the garden under the pines
Shall not fade and pass away.

I shall see you standing there, Caressed by the fragrant sir, With the shadow on your face, And the sunshine on your hair. I shall hear the sweet low tone

Baying, "This is from me to you-From me, and to you alone." And in words not litle and vain For the gift, and the grace of the gift, O beautiful Helen of Maine!

And forever this gift will be a blessing from you to me, As a drop of the dew of your youth On the leaves of an aged tree Henry W. Longfellow, in Harver's Magazine

SHIFTING.

BY HARRIET E. S. CHESSY.

"I must have my pay right off, so you may as well stir around and get it, or there'll be a fuss!" said the haughty Mr. Starbuck to a poor man who owed him a small sum of money.

"Well," replied the humble fellow, "Well," replied the humble fellow, whom we will call Jack Styles, "I will pay you next week without fail. Peter his son, in a breath. "I think you will find the son, in a breath. "I think you will be son, in a breath." Fanley is owing me enough to pay it, find her on A-street, one the vilest and he is coming over to Butcher John- in the city." son's next Tuesday with a beef critter, and ne will then pay me, and I will must go with me Jack. I would not like ent, an unwilling spectator to the afhand it over to you."

"Mind you do, or you'll be sent up for a month or two!" was the reply. This threat seemed hard and uncalled for, as Jack always paid his debts whenever he could; but he had been very the old tippler and his wife in one of winter, and now needed a little time to | buck did not recognize Jack, for he was pay the debts that had accumulated then suffering from a fit of delirium He had been very ill with rheumatism tremens, and hardly knew one person for a month or two; beside, his wife from another, but his wife at once called and two children had been sick with fevers, and his doctor's bill had amounted to more than he had earned; for carried her, which consisted in a good when he could work his help had been needed at home, and work had been scarce, and it was with difficulty he had found anything to do when he was able was not the last of their gifts to her, to do it. Old Starbuck knew all this; and they left her in apparently better and knew also that Jack was an honest fellow; but he always was very hard with the poor and unfortunate.

been threatened like that before.

Thank God, men are not now imprisoned for debt in the State where Jack then lived; but such was the law at that time; and many a poor man, though honest, was thrust into prison, and his family left in want, for the

spair, the creature was sprawled on the

What could have been the matter with her?" asked Jack, greatly excited. "Don't know, I'm sure, 'less 'tis she's worrit to death tramping in the snow." Jack looked at the bloated animal and surmised that semething more than fatigue had caused the dissolution. But a sled and yoke of oxen were procured and the carcass drawn to Butcher Johnson, who, after making a post-mortem examination, found that the deceased came to her death from dropsy, undue fatigue from tramping in the snow hastening the event. Of course he could not purchase the carcass of a diseased animal, so it was turned over to the scavengers of the field.

Fanley was grieved at the loss, for he was a poor man, and Jack, who was told by Fanley that he could not pay him at present, was frantie.
"To jail, then, I must go," he tearfully exclaimed. "There is no use in trying to put off old Starbuck any longer. I would not dare face him with the old promise in my mouth; no, to

jail I must go." That afternoon he went to see Starbuck. who said to him, as soon as he saw him, "You've come, then, to pay me the

Jack hung his head and meekly replied, "No. Mr. Starback, she cow died."
"None of your stories; if you have not go: the money you will have a home over there a little while," he said, pointing to the jail.
"I could not get it."

Nuff ced, then; here, walk over to Sheriff Patton's with me," taking the

Starbuck, who was a hard drinker, of from 30 to 40 degrees below zero is was pretty drank, and he went along at not uncommon. an uneven gait, still hold of Jack's collar. Meeting the Sheriff after going a little only the female sex who can rip,

"Have you been sending Jack Styles off to prison?" asked Starbuck's wife as he entered the house. "Yes, and I'm going to send every other scamp that won't pay me to the same place. I have got to raise some

money to pay off this mortgage, or I shall be turned out of house and home, and you, too," he replied. "Well, this man looks like an honest kind of fellow. How much does he owe you?"

"Twenty dollars, or so." "Not enough to pay your liquor bill one week," thought his wife; but she said nothing, as she dreaded to arouse his temper, which might, when fully under way, be compared to a hurricane or any other dangerous element. That afternoon she sent a boy with a large basket full of eatables to Jack's family. for she had heard they were very poor, and continued so to do every week

while Jack was in prison.

After Jack was released he found plenty of work, and had many presents given him by those who, knowing his honesty, had been thoroughly indignant at such treatment of him. So he managed to get along after that, and was able to pay all his debts.

Fifteen years later, and Jack Styles, now a man of 55, and his son, a finelooking, promising young man of 25, were doing a fair business in the grocery line, in the city of W——, about twenty miles from their former home. So honorable were the dealings of this firm with all their customers that after they were once established in business which at first was on a small scale, they found their receipts month by month increasing in a way that was very encouraging. Young Styles stood at the head of the concern, as Jack had very little education; still the latter made himself extremely useful in various ways about the store. After they had been about two years in business, Young Styles one day said to his father: "You remember Old Starbuck who once shut

you up in jail?" "I rather think I do," replied Jack, with a shudder. "Well, he is living in this city on

charity; he has spent his property, and drank himself almost to death, making im one of the most bloated, disagreea e-locking objects you ever saw." "Is his wife living?" asked Mrs. Styles. "If she is I will surely go to

"If it is such a dangerous street you

to go there alone." "Indeed, I will," he replied. So as soon as they had eaten dinner they set out for the house of Jack's old enemy, and after an hour's search found unfortunate all through the hard, long | the meanest tenements of the city. Starhim by name, seemed delighted to see him, and her thanks for the presents he supply of the choicest articles his grocery store afforded, were unbounded. But both Jack and his wife assured her this

spirits than they found her. In a few days Starbuck died, and then Jack and his wife took his widow Jack took the cruel threat very much | to their own comfortable home, where, to heart, and fretted himself nearly into according to the wishes of both, she a fever for two or three days. What if spent the remainder of her life, which Fanley should disappoint him, after all? | was not many years. She was a lady of It hardly seemed possible he would, great culture, having been brought up for the butcher had the promise of the and accustomed to move in the best cow for the following Tuesday; but circles of society, and at the time she Fanley lived some eight miles away, married Starbuck he, too, was in high and something might happen that he standing and possessed of much wealth, would not come with her. Oh, he but through the baleful effects of liquor hoped there would not; for he had a he was brought down to poverty and great horror of a jail, and had never disgrace, while Jack, from leading a temperate, industrious, honest life, was prought up from small beginnings to a

comfortable, respectable position PITTSFIELD, Mass.

A Horse's Revenge. "The society for the protection of reason that he could not pay his debts. animals against the cruelty of human What possible good such a law could do animals is not remarkable for its activity we have never been able to see, as it in this country," writes the Paris coronly filled up the jails, made expense respondent of a London paper. "The for the State, and deprived the family police appear to think it no business of of the help they needed, beside placing | theirs when carters or coachmen brutthe culprit in a condition to earn noth- ally maltreat their horses in the streets, ing to relieve himself of the debt for or when boys amuse themselves by which he was imprisoned. Perhaps it torturing dogs and cats or whatever prevented some from running into debt other creatures have the ill luck to fall as much as they otherwise would; in into their hands. The horse would this respect it might have done some appear to be aware of the supineness of

their supposed protectors, for they have Well, Tuesday came and Jack kept a taken the matter into their own hands, good lookout for Fanley and his cow, or rather into their own teeth and feet. who, in going to the butcher's, would A carter, by hard flogging at his three pass his house. About 11 horses, got them to drag sixteen tons o'clock of that forenoon a boy came of coal to the foot of the steep hill running to his house to inform him | which leads to the Boulevard Bessieres; that both man and cow were on the way but his powers of stimulation utterly thither, but the latter had fallen into failed to induce them to proceed any the snow, and he was a little afraid she further-a thick steam rose up from was dead. Jack sprung and ran with their panting sides and nostrils. all his might to the place where the cow | "Budge!" said the fiend; and straightwas lying, which was a half mile from way the carter began to lash and swear. his house; and there, to his utter de- A crowd gathered around the ferocious beast, who abandoned the lash and began to bang his stick about their heads and to kick them with hob-nailed boots in the sides. The leader of the team took upon himself to protest against

this extreme measure. He turned around, seized the carter's arm with his teeth, tossed him to the ground and trampled him with his hoofs; then seized him again with his teeth and tossed him about. The crowd and the police, which had looked approvingly on while he tertured the horses, interfered for the protection of the human monster, who was with great difficulty torn bleeding and mangled from the just equine

Alaska winters.

resentment

In winter, from what I can learn, the storms are mostly rain, at a temperature of 35 or 40 degrees, and strong winds, to most people, and the value of a snug home, with blazing, crackling, yellow-cedar fire, and book-covered tables, may be finely appreciated. Snow falls falls more than 5 or 6 degrees below that the heroes in an opera were tenors, the freezing point, unless the wind it struck me as an old idea that thin blows steadily from the mainland. Back voiced animals were seldom so courafrom the coast, however, beyond the zeous in actual life as their deeper mountains, the winter months are in- toned congeners, and this has caused me tensely cold. At Glenora, on the to express it here, to see if it is in any Stickene river, less than 1,000 feet above the level of the sea, a temperature way founded on fact, or whether it is a above the level of the sea, a temperature

SAVED BY PRAYER; How Jesse James Happened to Spare a Dooined Man's Life,

[From the Kansas City Mail.] The famous detective, Pinkerton, has iven the James boys the name of being lood-thirsty wretches, who could never be moved from their purpose of killing, when thee they made up their

A gentleman from Clay county, however, related one instance to a Mail reporter last evening, which goes to show that there was, at one time at least, a tender spot in the heart of Jessie. The story, as told by the gentleman, is that, two years ago, a man, together with his family, lived on a portion of Mrs. Samuels' farm. He rented so many acres from the old lady, and the renter and Mrs. Samuels fattened a beef in co-partnership. When the beef from Kabul on the south. Both the

was killed they fell out over a division of the spoils, each claiming the hide and tallow. The dispute over this waxed warm until the man in a heat of passion said to Mrs. Samuels, "You are -- har." The old lady, looking straight at him, said, "I shall tell Jess, about this," and, turning on her heels went to the house. The next day, ar Mrs. Samuels' tenant was standing in the road in front of his house, conversing with a Mr. Chancellor, of Clay ounty, a noise was heard in the corneld adjoining, and in a few minutes a orse and rider jumped the rail fence and Jesse James stood in the presence o the man who had insulted his mother. At the sight of Jesse the man turned

Riding close to him, Jesse said: my mother? If you have anything to say do it quickly, for you have only a hort time to live.'

as pale as death and looked as if he

were about to sink to the earth.

Just at this time the wife of the aparently doomed man came screaming out of the house begging Jesse not to sill her husband. With a stern command of "Get back into the house, nadame, quick," the woman went in weeping bitterly, and with strained nerves she awaited the dread crack of Jesse's revolver, which would make her a widow.

Turning to the trembling man before nim, Jesse said: "Get down on your knees and ask forgiveness for your sins | brethren, who had remained behind and before I kill you.

Dropping down on his knees in the middle of the public road the man of- know as a desert the district which fered up such a prayer to Almighty | their fathers had once known as the county of Clay. The gentleman presfair, said he never heard such a touching and beautiful prayer in his life. With the tears streaming down his face the man besaught the Almighty to receive his soul and take care of his children and wife, soon to be without a father or husband. Mr. Chancellor sternly on his horse looking at the suppliant before him. Before the prayer was concluded the stern lines upon Jesse would relent from his stern pur-

man closed his eyes and awaited the exeternity. But he was not destined to die. The beautiful words of supplication had touched the better chords of Jesse's heart, and the demon within him was subdued. Addressing the still kneeling man, he said: "I ought to kill you, but for the sake of your wife I will give you six hours to get out of this

The reprieved man rose to his feet and poured out such a touching volume of thankful gratitude that the gentle-

----Suicide of the Scorpion.

Mr. Allen Thomson in a letter says: While residing many years ago during the summer months at the baths of Lucca, in Italy, in a somewhat-damp locality, my informant, together with the rest of the family, was much anhoyed by the intrusion of small black corpions into the house, and their being secreted among the bedclothes, in shoes, and in other articles of dress. It has became necessary to be constantly n the watch for these troublesome catures, and to take means for their moval and destruction.

Having been informed by the natives f the place that the scorpion would destroy itself if exposed to a sudden light, my informant and her friends soon became adepts in catching the scorpions and disposing of them in the manner suggested. This consisted in confining the animal under an inverted drinking glass or tumbler, below which a card was inserted when the capture was made, and then, waiting till dark, suddenly bringing the light of a candle near to the glass in which the animal was confined. No sooner was this done than the scorpion invariably showed signs of great excitement, running round and round the interior of the umbler with reckless velocity for a

number of times. This state having lasted for a minute or more, the animal suddenly became quiet, and, turning its tail or the hinder part of its body over its back, brought its recurved sting down upon the middle of the head, and, piercing it quite forcibly, in a few seconds became quite motionless, and, in fact, quite dead. This observation was repeated very frequently; in truth, it was adopted as the best plan of getting rid of the animals, and the young people were in the habit of handling the scorpions with impunity immediately after they were so killed, and of preserving many of them as curiosities.

Character in Voices.

[Sporting Adventures in the Far. West.] I have noticed as a fact that struck which, when they sweep the channels | me as peculiar, that the bravest and lengthwise, lash them into waves, and largest wild animals always had deep carry the salt soud far into the woods. voices, and that they were generally The long nights are then gloomy enough | melodious, full of music as it were, quite frequently, but never to any great depth, or to lie long. Only once, since the settlement of Fort Wrangel, the ground was covered to the depth of four feet. The ordinary depth anywhere near sea-level is said to be a in voice, and that their intonations sloppy condition. The mercury seldom | never jarred on the ear. When I saw

> WE should enjoy our fortune as we , do our health-enjoy it when good, be once, and we should see Januwary, patient when it is bad, and never apply Februwary, Jewne, Jewly, Awgust, Oc-

MHS. F. II. VE WOOMIL

The Probable Cradle of Our Race. The most probable conjecture has fixed the cradle of our race in that cor-

ner of land which Hee westward the steep range of the Beloot Tagh mountains, an offshoot of the Himalayas, and northward from the high, barren land of Kabul. This country, the ancient Bactriana, is the most habitable district o be found anywhere" in Central Acie. There the hills stretch out in gentle slopes toward the west, and inclose ferlile valleys, whose innumerable streams, fed by the mountains east and south, all go to swell the waters of the Oxus now called the Jihon. Further north lies another fruitful country, watered by the Jaxartes, separated from the first by a range of hills much inferior to those which divide both lands from

great rivers empty themselves into the sea of Aral, between which and the Caspian, sharply cutting off the fertile country from that sea, stretches the Khiva desert, a barren land affording a scanty nourishment to herds of wandering Turkic There is good to believe, however, that this desert did not always exist, but that in times not extraordinarily remote the Capsian sea, oined to the Sea of Aral, extended over a much larger area than it at resent covers; it is known even now o be sinking steadily within its banks, With such a contraction of the great sea the desert would grow by a double process, by the laying bare its sandy bed, and by the withdrawal of a neighboring supply of moisture from the dry land. So it may well have been that Did not you know that I would kill the fruitful territory wherein in reyou for the language you used toward | motest ages were settled our Aryan ancestors stretched so far west as to border upon a large inland Asiatic sea. It has even been conjectured that the turning of so much fertile land into lesert was the proximate cause of those igrations which sent the greater part the Aryian races westward-to people, at last, all the countries of Europe. The root which is common to the Eu-

ropean languages for the names of the sea means, in the Indian and Iranian languages, a desert; how can we account for this fact better than by supposing that after the European nations had left their early home their who, long afterward, separated into the peoples of India and Persia, came to

sea?-The Contemporary Review -

Effect of Music on Animals. It is certain that the songs of birds as well as most other forms of musical sounds, have as their express object the charming of female ears. It is fairly certain, too, that the presence of a quasi-melodic element in many of the animal cries, e. g. the neighing of the during the prayer glanced several times | horse, is to be accounted for by its being at Jesse, who with drawn pistol sat pleasurable to the ears of the particular animal's companions. One may even suppose that in many sounds, as the crowing of the cock, the individual Jesse's face seemed to relax from their that utters the music enjoys the result wented severity, and hope dawned of its own performances. The question upon the mind of the gentleman that | naturally arises whether sensibility to the pleasurable character of musical sounds is not much more widely diffrom the quantity of music which they confined, are excited and stimulated to

At the conclusion of the prayer the fused among animals than would appear pected shot that would send him to produce. The fact that birds, when song by the sound of other birds or other musical sounds seems to point to the presence of a wide and catholic musical sensibility. The many stories of the wonderful effects of music in taming wild animals, if there is any truth in them, would appear to show country. Be quick, before I change my | that species which are incapable of uttering anything like musical sounds are endowed with the corresponding we believe, that the dolphin follows a | ton of their heads in fly-time. hip in which music is performed. Brehm says that the horse is delighted cording to the same authority, even the some. log, which is apparently tormented by the notes of a soprano voice, remains

undisturbed by those of a bass voice.

—Cornhill Magazine. Astonishing Faith.

Once upon a time, years go, plain Mr. Disraeli was in Leeds, and he was waited upon by the Secretary of a certain institution in that town, who asked him to give a lecture or an address. He first made several excuses, then refused utterly, and at last, being further pressed, said: "Well, I will come and give you an address this time ten years." With that assurance the Secretary went away and waited. The ten years rolled along, and at their expiration he came to London, sought and obtained an interview with the Premier, reminded him of his promise, and claimed its fulfillment. The great man had, of course, forgotten all about the matter, but when it was brought to his recollection he again made polite excuses, pointed out that circumstances in the meantime had greatly changed, and that he had other duties to attend to now. But the Becretary was an old-fashioned man: he had the curious and obsolete idea that a promise was a promise, and ought to be carried out, and said as tainly," was the reply, "if you were still alive and able to do it." "Well," said the Premier, in a musing tone, "it is truly astonishing what faith people have in me." He did not deliver the lecture, and is still, therefore, considered to have broken his word by the Secretary of the institution .- London The Literal Barkeeper.

and greasy has among the tiles that have een better days, boots down at the heels, "cheek' prominently displayed, happiness great, hunger greater, impecumosity greatest. The "fiend" proceeds with cautious step to the lunc't cheese, grabs and pockets a handful of wooden toothpicks reads the morning paper and step up to the bar. Leaning over it, he gazes fo some time at a bottle of seltzer, mistaking it for a ba-rometer. Addressing the German barteeper, he asks:

"What does the weather indicate?" "Oh, aboud den cends." "Do you think we'll have rain?" "Vell," glancing at the well-cleared lunch counter," "no; I dinks we'l' have a famines "

The Letter W. A temperance paper advises people to drink spirituous liquors only in such months as have W in them. In such a case, spelling reform would set in at short distance, he handed Jack over to darn and tear without being considered violent remedies except in an extreme towber, Nowvember, and so on, come into general use. into general use.

WIT AND HUMOR.

THE SLANDERED SALESMAN. Days ago, dear wife, my treasure, When our sad tate I defined.

Mopelial words I spoke unto you.

"Widing hands sure work will find. Through your tears you smiled upon me, As you stooped to kiss our child; But the wounding poole will rankled
In my heart till I felt wild.

Yesterday you, too, remember How I murmured at my lot— That it is business men frowned on me, Looking words they dare speak not. Feigliod to form a man like me, Some Listake was made about it— That the devil laughed in glee.

Their requirements were too menial For a man like nie," they said. Patronizingly they said it. While my face flushed deep with red, As I told them that "compulsion Fitted man for any fate." Then "The price I was deserving Far surpassed their usual rate."

Then I vowed to den my old clothes.
Thrust my silk hat in the fire,
Buy a wood-saw, as and shovel,
And solicit for such hire.
But your vacant look unnerved my And I said, "I'll try again For a place—yet far more slaving--"Mony; the "genteel " business mail.

I did try, my wife, my treasure; But be day I met a man,
With a heart and soul of justice,
Aping not the general clau. This it was he spoke unto me, From his mouth, not from his eyes Hark you, wife! "Your late employer Dares to utter willful lies."

You are trembling now-be calm, wife-Though the charge is base and dark, It will vanish through the clearing From my good name, as a lark Vanishes through the distant ether, When a photographic view But remains upon the vision Of the tracings where it flew. Thief-thief? It cannot be! Yet-this good friend vouches for it-

Truth it was he spoke to me. Must my pride face this foul insult To my manhood's better part— , who ever held as sacred Next to God, an honest heart? How dare men scandal each other, When the Maker knoweth all? Well I know I dare not do it, Lest myself receive a fall;

Black and damning was the spirit Loceing thus his stinging tongue, For the hurt in firing missiles Is the dame-spread where they're flung. "Vengeance!" did you say, wife? Never!
"Vengeance," saith the Lord, "is Mine."
But for your sake and our daughter's He his standpoint must define—
By the gods! he'll live to rue it—
If my health and means abide,
Through the courts, before the people,
He must prove, or own he lied.

KALAMAZOO, Mich.

UNCLE LO

QUIPS. A FOOT note-Sole. PENSTOCK-Hogs. A GAME law-Follow suit. SPIRIT of the press-Cider. HEADQUARTERS-A pillow. ARE book worms good for bait? PRESENTS of mind-Bits of advice. A BELLE wringer-A pretty laun-

Some men pay attention who never pay anything else. WHEN a man goes into stock speculation he aims at a better life. To avoid the first wrong step, let your first step be a right one.

THE writer whose pen is his shears is MERCHANT TALLOR, he pride of the compositor's heart. the pride of the compositor's heart. A Michigan chiropodist offers to chirop with any man for \$200 a side. THE swell young man wears two watches when his time is not very

Wanted to know-If a Havana cigar makes a man ill, will two make a Solitaire earrings are set so that no

gold is visible, and the diamond appears as if suspended in air. TRYING to do business without advertising is like winking at a girl in the dark. You may know what you are doing, but nobody else does. BALDHEADED persons are recom-

mended, by one who knows how it is sensibility. It is a well-attested fact, himself, to have a spider painted on the Many of the people of Afghanistan are as fair as Englishmen. The boys with the note of a trumpet. And, ac- are noted for being particularly hand-

> NEGLIGIENCE to pay up newspaper ubscriptions amounts in the long run to nothing short of an unremitting effort to starve out the country editor. Eugenie, before she ever saw Louis Napoleon, had laid a romantic plan for releasing him from the prison of Ham, because ber imagination told her she was to be the guardian angel of imper-No thief ever experienced so much that it naive set fig. in order in a clean, near remorse of conscience, as he who steals a curl from a pretty women's to see that whisker or moustache dre. Terms mode state. a curl from a pretty woman's head and afterward learns that it is false

To saw and split wood, carry water, coal, and wood, plow, harrow and thresh, and in cities sweep the streets, are, says the Berlin Tagwacht, among the avocations of German women. A REALLY lively neighborhood:

Landlord (to prospective tenant)—
"Lonely? Yer wife feel kinder lonesome here so far from neighbors? Why, man, this is right on the road to the cemetery! There's funerals passin' here every day of yer life." THE London Telegraph indulges in

the following display of remarkable knowledge: "John Quincy Adams left the whole of his property, valued at £10,000, to his rin, the subsequent much. "And did you really believe at that time," said his Lordship, "that I should carry out that promise?" "Cer- of great wealth." President, Charles Francis Adams, who "No, TRANK you; I never waltz; ma says if any of the young men want to

Improved Methods of Execution.

time attention is recalled to the bar-The scene is located in a well-known barous nature of the mode of executing Hanging by the neck till the criminal dead is obviously a relic of barbarm; it is the most primitive, the most various, the least prompt and uniform and certain of the modes of execution which have been or could be devised. If the object of an execution now-a-days soup, onions, sausages fried liver, pork and beans, sausages fried liver, pork of the criminal without any probabilof the criminal without any probabil-ity of intervening accident, delay or gord to this route; tall on or address torture, hanging by a cord and trusting to the rough adjustment of weight and fail which the "eye and experience" of an ignorant hangman can afford, is the most fallible of methods, and must of necessity from time to time lead to painful scenes of torture. The garotille is, perhaps, of all exist- D. W. C. DAVIS ing foreign methods of legal execution the most rapid and certain; but without proposing any one substitute for our own responsibility-whether the earbonic acid chamber, the massive electric discharge, or any other method -it is certain that any scientific man or commission could very speedily devise a prompt and bloodless certain mode of execution which would be free from the lumsiness and uncertainty of hanging.

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